

Consequences

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Summary: Set after Cast Out Part 2. Captain Vorg has finally had enough of Dagur's reckless behavior and decides to show him some tough love. Dagur shares a heartbreaking secret from his past and the real reason why he hated Oswald The Agreeable. This story contains corporal punishment of a teenager and mentions past child abuse.

Consequences

****DISCLAIMER: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or any of it's characters. They belong to Dreamworks.****

****This fanfiction contains spanking of a minor and mentions child abuse. Turn away if that stuff upsets you. I do promise a happy ending though.****

****For those who don't remember, Captain Vorg was the Berserker Dagur threw overboard in the episode View To A Skrill.****

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><p>Consequences

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Captain Vorg watched Outcast Island slowly disappear below the horizon as he manned the ship's rudder. He was so glad to finally be leaving that gloomy, desolate rock and sailing home. He couldn't wait to see Berserker Island and it's beautiful evergreen forests again. He looked forward to drinking in the mead hall with his crew and

telling stories of heroic endeavors that would be remembered for generations to come. No more dragons, no more dragon riders, no more Outcasts and Vorg was just fine with that.

Unfortunately, the teenage chief of the Berserker Tribe did not feel the same way.

Dagur was leaning against the ship's mast, silently running his finger along the sharp blade of his battle axe. He had been in a sulky mood over his defeat ever since they had set sail. The other Berserkers aboard the ship went out of their way to avoid speaking to or even looking at their chief. They knew from experience how easy it was to set Dagur off whenever he was like this.

Vorg would be forever grateful to Stoick The Vast for convincing Alvin The Treacherous to spare Dagur's life. In spite of everything that Dagur had done, the Hooligan chief felt that execution was way too harsh of a punishment for someone so young. He had allowed Dagur to go free under the condition that the peace treaty between the Berserker and Hooligan tribes was renewed and followed to the very last rune. Dagur had been quick to agree to Stoick's terms. Whether he intended to stick to the agreement or not was a different matter all together.

"You may have won this time Hiccup." Dagur finally spoke. He gazed out to sea with a fierce determination in his eyes."but this is far from over. Your victory will be short lived. Dagur The Deranged does not give up so easily. So enjoy this time with your precious dragon while it lasts. I am going to have my awesome Nightfury skull helmet and you are still going to kiss these boots."

Some of the men looked at each other in bewilderment. They couldn't believe that after all that had happened, Dagur was still dwelling on the Hooligan heir and his dragon. Especially after he had almost gotten himself killed several times because of his obsession with that Nightfury. Not to mention getting shocked by a Skrill, getting several of the armada's best ships destroyed by Smokebreaths and endangering everyone by threatening to kill a Whispering Death. And what was with this strange boot kissing fixation?

'What in the Nine Realms is that boy thinking?' Vorg thought before speaking up, "Forgive me for interrupting Sir, but perhaps it's best if we just cut our losses and forget about Berk and their dragons. We are clearly outmatched by them. And don't forget that Stoick did do you a favor after all."

"Don't be so boring Vorg. What kind of Berserker are you anyways?" Dagur scoffed with a mock yawn. He continued to inform the crew of his plans while swinging his axe around in the air wildly. "First thing we're gonna to do is find my skrill. I know the runt wouldn't have had the guts to kill it. Then we'll return to Berk when they least expect it and teach Dragon Boy and his little friends a lesson they wont soon forget. I can think of so many fun ways we can do that too."

"Chief, can I speak with you in private?" Vorg asked.

Dagur groaned in annoyance, "Hellooooo. Trying to plan our revenge here. Cant it wait?"

"NO, it cannot Sir." Vorg said. His voice was firm and steady. He managed to keep calm despite his growing frustration over Dagur's behavior. He had always tried to be patient when it came to his chief but that patience had been wearing thin for sometime now. Enough was enough already.

The rest of the crew stared at Vorg as if he were crazy. Ever since Dagur became chief, no one dared to say no to him. They thought for sure that their captain was going to be thrown overboard again. However, Dagur just shrugged it off and rolled his eyes.

"Whatever. If it will shut you up. But this had better be important." Dagur said rudely. After sheathing his axe, he motioned for Vorg to follow him below deck. Once they were out of earshot, Dagur looked at Vorg with a bored expression. "Alright, out with it. I haven't got all day. What's got your skivies in a twist Vorg?"

"For the love of Loki. You just don't know when to stop do you Dagur?" Vorg scolded harshly. "Just tell me one thing. Do you even care if you live or die?"

Dagur was taken aback by this. It had been ages since Vorg had last reprimanded him like that. Dagur's eyes narrowed into a menacing glare that would usually leave his soldiers shaking in their boots, "What did you just say to me? How DARE you speak so disrespectfully to your chief. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't make you swim all the way back to Berserker Island for that."

Vorg was not intimidated by the younger Berserker. He wouldn't let himself back down as he had done so many times before. Dagur had been allowed to get away with too much for too long now. He was way too reckless and impulsive for his own good. Not once did he seem to consider his own safety or that of others. It was only a matter of time before tragedy happened. Vorg was determined to put a stop to it now. For Dagur's sake as well as the Berserker Tribe's.

"Settle down Dagur. I don't mean any disrespect to you. I'm only telling you this because I am very worried about you right now. So for once you are going to be quiet and listen to what I have to say." Vorg said. "Don't you understand that Alvin could've easily killed you back on Outcast Island? You obviously don't know just how lucky you are that Stoick and his son intervened for you. Even after all the trouble you've caused for them. They saved your life yet you seek revenge against them. You keep this up and you may not be as fortunate next time."

"What do you mean all the trouble I caused? Don't put all the blame on me. Hiccup is the one who started this. He shouldn't have lied to me about the trained dragons. He made a fool out of me." Dagur argued, paying no attention to how childish he sounded. A sudden pang of loneliness came over him as he turned away from Vorg. "Hiccup and I could've been brothers. Things between us could've gone back to the way they were. The way they're supposed to be. But no, he chose his pet dragon over me."

It was then that Vorg realized that Dagur was jealous of the close bond between Berk's young heir and his Nightfury. Vorg remembered a time when Dagur and Hiccup were very close. Growing up, neither boy had many friends within their own tribes. Like Hiccup, Dagur had a hard time fitting in and was considered by Berserker standards as

small for his age. This was something that the other Berserker children often bullied and shunned him for when he was younger. So when Dagur first met Hiccup, it was like he had found a kindred spirit. They were inseparable during the annual peace treaty signings on Berk. Other times they would send letters back and forth through Trader Johann. Dagur would often refer to Hiccup as his brother. He was fiercely protective of him. He even got into fights with the other Berk children whenever they teased the smaller boy. Dagur used to talk constantly about how he and Hiccup would slay dragons side by side when they grew up. Unfortunately their friendship didn't last. As both boys grew, their personalities (mostly Dagur's) changed and they drifted apart. Dagur had tried to mend the broken friendship on Dragon Island only to feel like he had been betrayed by Hiccup. Even though he tried not to let it show, Dagur had been devastated by the loss of his "brother."

"Is that what's been bothering you all this time?" Vorg asked softly. He waited for an answer but got nothing but silence from the boy. He put an arm around Dagur's shoulders hoping that his chief would confide in him. "Come on now. I've known you ever since the day you were born. You know that you can always talk to me about anything."

Dagur thoughtfully glanced up at Vorg. For a moment it looked as if he was finally going to open up. However, Dagur's expression soon darkened again as he pushed the captain away.

"There's nothing to talk about. So just get off my back already. Hiccup is my enemy. That's the way he wanted it. He has no one to blame but himself. I am going to make him pay dearly for all the humiliation he's caused me."

"You're very upset right now and not thinking clearly. Give it some time." Vorg said. "You'll feel much better once we're home and..."

"Just shut up already Vorg? I don't want to hear it anymore. I've made up my mind about this. There's no way you or anyone else can talk me out of it. So stop wasting my time and leave me alone." Dagur said. He roughly shoved Vorg aside as he headed towards the ladder that led to the deck.

Vorg sighed sadly and shook his head. There was just no getting through to Dagur. Not with words anyways. The stubborn boy refused to listen to reason. As much as Vorg hated the idea, it was time to try something more drastic.

"That is it Dagur," Vorg said, "I have had just about enough of this."

Dagur turned to face Vorg again.

"I was really hoping that I wouldn't have to resort to this but you have left me with no other choice." Vorg continued, "Now neither of us will like what I am about to do but hopefully it will teach you that there are consequences to your actions."

"And just what do you think you're gonna do Vorg?" Dagur asked, raising an eyebrow in suspicion.

"Something that should've been done a long time ago." Vorg said as he crossed his arms. The stern look on his face made Dagur gulp involuntarily. "I am going to take you across my knee and give you a much needed spanking."

Dagur felt his blood run cold. Did Vorg just threaten him with a spanking? A tight knot began to form in his stomach as past memories of his father Oswald came to the front of his mind. Dagur couldn't remember ever having a normal relationship with his father. Usually Oswald would treat Dagur with a cold indifference. It seemed like the only time the former chief took notice of his son was to scold him for something he had done wrong. Not that it really bothered Dagur that much at the time. He had the love of his mother and his sister and that was more than enough for him. But after his mother had died things between the father and son got a lot worst. That was when Oswald started taking his frustrations out on Dagur by verbally and physically abusing him. His father was considered a kind, reasonable and peaceful chief by most but Dagur and his sister often saw the side of Oswald the Agreeable that others didn't. The Berserk side.

"You cant be serious?" Dagur growled.

Vorg was probably the most kind and gentle of the Berserkers warriors. Dagur found it too hard to believe that the man would even consider striking him.

"I'm afraid I am." Vorg said regretfully.

"Well j...just in case you haven't noticed, I...I'm not a c...child anymore." Dagur stammered.

"Is that so? And you think that having a temper tantrum whenever you don't get your way makes you an adult." Vorg said as he took a step towards Dagur, "Whether you like it or not you still have a lot of growing up to do Dagur. I made a promise to your late mother that I would watch over and protect you. Up until now I have failed at keeping that promise by looking the other way while you needlessly throw your life away. I'm not going to make that mistake again. Now come here."

Shaking his head, Dagur desperately tried to think of an escape plan. But being on a ship in the middle of the ocean didn't leave him with very many options. He was trapped. Vorg reached out and took Dagur by the wrist. He really intended on going through with this. As much as Dagur hated to admit it, he was afraid. He struggled to pull his arm out of Vorg's strong grip but it was no use.

"NOOO, let go. As your chief, I order you to let me go right now Vorg. You cant do this. I wont let you. I'll personally see to it that you're put on the next boat to the Slave Lands for this. VORG!" Dagur said frantically. "Oh come on. Cant we just talk about this first?"

"Don't you think it's a little too late for that now? I've tried talking with you but you didn't want to hear me out. So now we're going to try a different approach." Vorg said as he pulled Dagur over to a large crate and sat down on it. "Remove your sword and axe."

"Tell you what Vorg. How about we just forget about this right now and never speak of it again," Dagur said trying to sound chiefly, "and maybe I wont chop your legs off."

"Stop it Dagur," Vorg warned, He was completely unfazed by that tired old threat. "Why do you always have to make things more difficult then they have to be? You brought all of this on yourself. You got in way over your head with the Hooligan tribe and Alvin. None of this is Hiccup's fault, it's yours. Now it's time for you to own up to what you have done and accept what you have coming."

"So this is how it's gonna be huh? Fine, we'll do it your way then. I really screwed up just like I always do. Nothing I ever do is good enough is it? I guess my father was right all along. I was a failure as a son and now I'm a failure at everything else too. Is that what you wanna hear Vorg?" Dagur ranted on bitterly. He was too upset to care anymore. He removed his weapons and angrily threw them aside. What Dagur did next really confused Vorg. He unbuckled his skrill crest belt and held it out to the older man. "Go ahead. Take it and beat me senseless. Just like my father used to."

Vorg was caught completely off guard by this comment. "What did you just say?"

"Are you hard of hearing or something?" Dagur spat. His freckled cheeks began to burn with embarrassment. His deepest secret that he vowed never to reveal was now out. "Do you know why the wonderful Oswald The Agreeable was such a calm and peaceful man? Well I'll tell you. It's because he had me to take all of that Berserker rage out on. Using the belt was his favorite way of punishing me. Sometimes he'd whip me so hard that I could barely even walk afterwards. He always told me that it was all my fault. That I brought it on myself for being more trouble than I was worth to him. He took every opportunity to remind me that I was the biggest mistake of his life and a disgrace to the tribe. Oh sure he acted like a loving father whenever we were in public or visiting other tribes but it was all just a big show. He had to keep up appearances so no one would ever see who he really was."

Vorg was beside himself. He could hardly believe what he was hearing. He had always known that Dagur had a very unstable relationship with his father but he never would've thought that Oswald would go as far as actually hurting him. How could a man who desired peace with the other tribes deny his own child that very same peace?

"Oh Dagur. How long was this going on for?" Vorg asked. He tried to control the anger towards the former chief that was rising within him. He needed to be as calm as possible right now for Dagur. "Did he ever hit your mother and your sister too?"

"My mother was already gone by the time it all started. He only hit my sister one time. It was the last thing that coward ever did. He was really angry at me that night. I cant even remember what I did to make him so mad. Ha, it was probably because I didn't get myself carried off and eaten by a dragon," Dagur said sarcastically. "He started yelling at me as soon as he walked in the door. Of course I had to go and mouth off to him. He tried to hit me but my sister got in the way trying to stop him. She ended up getting hit herself. I just lost it. I wasn't going to let him get away with hurting her too. That's when I took the axe and...well I'm sure you can guess the

ending of this story."

Vorg nodded in understanding. Dagur had killed Oswald trying to defend his sister. He was actually relieved to find out that Dagur hadn't killed the man just so he could gain control of the Berserker tribe like everyone had thought. Violence may have been part of the viking way of life but Vorg could never bring himself to believe that the sweet, playful little boy he once knew grew up to be a cold, heartless killer.

"Dagur why didn't you tell anyone that this was happening to you?" Vorg asked. The very thought of Dagur suffering in silence at the hands of someone who was supposed to love him was tearing at his heart. If only Vorg had known about the mistreatment that this poor child had endured. Maybe he could've done something to help him. "Why didn't you come to me?"

"Do you really think I wanted you or anyone else to know? It was just too humiliating. Dagur the Deranged can fearlessly fight any dragon but was afraid of being hit by his father. How weak is that? It's not like anyone would've believed me anyways so what was the use? Remember this is Oswald the Agreeable we're talking about. Besides, I actually started to believe him whenever he would tell me how stupid and worthless I was. Maybe I really did deserve the beatings. I tried so hard to be the perfect son for him. I really did. But no matter what, I was just never good enough for him." Dagur said sadly. He quickly wiped a stray tear from his cheek. Silently he chastised himself for that rare show of emotion. He hated tears, especially his own. Berserkers weren't supposed to cry. It was considered a sign of weakness. Dagur held his belt out once more. "Now you know everything. So what are you waiting for Vorg?"

"No Dagur. I am NOT going to hit you with this. I would never just savagely beat you." Vorg said as he took the belt from Dagur and dropped it to the floor. He then took Dagur's hands into his own and looked him in the eyes. "Now you listen to me and listen good. Your father was wrong. You are not stupid or worthless. You are not a mistake. I never ever want you to think those things about yourself again. You are a brave, strong and clever boy. Oswald was a fool for not realizing what a precious treasure he had in you. His job as your father was to love and protect you. Sometimes children have to be disciplined when they do wrong but what your father did to you was unforgivable. Oswald had a duty to you and he failed. You did nothing to deserve him hurting you like that. You know that don't you Dagur?"

"Yeah," Dagur said. That was a lie but he really just wanted this conversation to end.

Sensing Dagur's discomfort, Vorg decided not to pry any further. He smiled reassuringly and gave Dagur's hands an affectionate squeeze. The smile soon faded though. He wasn't looking forward to the task that lay ahead. What he really wanted was to hold the boy close and never let him go. He wanted to shelter him from the harshness of the world they lived in. Dagur had been forced to grow up way too early for Vorg's liking. He was the youngest chief in the entire archipelago. He wasn't allowed the carefree childhood that other teenagers often took for granted. He should be enjoying his youth, not being responsible for a whole tribe. Dagur's life had indeed been filled with one hardship after another. But Vorg knew that he had to

see this through to the end. He just couldn't simply excuse Dagur's behavior. Vorg only hoped that Dagur didn't hate or fear him afterwards.

"Alright Dagur, lets not put this off any longer than we have to." Vorg said. Once again, Dagur's eyes grew anxious causing Vorg to silently curse Oswald. "Dagur I promise you that I will never hurt you the way your father did. I swear it on the gates of Valhalla. Just trust me okay."

Deep down Dagur really wanted to trust Vorg. He wanted to believe that someone besides his sister actually cared about him. But after being let down so many times by people who were supposed to care, trusting was hard. Still, Vorg was the most loyal and trustworthy man that Dagur knew. Vorg had always been there for him. He had taught Dagur the things that Oswald didn't want to be bothered with. Things like how to properly hold a sword, throw a bola and use a crossbow. Vorg was the one who held Dagur and his sister's hands during their mother's funeral. He even protected them whenever dragons raided Berserker Island (even though Dagur insisted he could take care of himself). Vorg may not always be the sharpest sword in the armory but he had never given Dagur a reason to doubt him. That was why Dagur made him his second in command in the first place.

Taking a deep breath, Dagur gave Vorg a brave nod. "Just hurry up and get this over with."

Dagur allowed Vorg to take him by the arm and guide him across his knees. He hoped that no one up on deck would be able to hear. Dagur tensed as he felt Vorg flip the hem of his tunic up. He closed his eyes and braced himself for the pain that was to come.

The Berserker captain looked at the distressed boy over his lap. Right now Dagur looked so small and helpless. Vorg no longer saw the fierce chief of the Berserker tribe. He saw the child that Dagur still was. A child he deeply cared for and would protect with his very life. He loved Dagur like a father would love his son. The very last thing he wanted to do was cause Dagur any pain. He never imagined that this would be so hard. Reluctantly Vorg raised his hand and brought it down hard on Dagur's rear.

Dagur let out a surprised yelp at the stinging swat. He then clenched his jaw shut tightly, determined not to make a sound. He was going to take his punishment like a true viking would. There would be plenty of time to cry later when he was alone.

"Dagur, I'm very sorry that it had to come to this." Vorg lectured as he continued to spank Dagur. "Please know that I take no satisfaction in punishing you like this. But you need to stop behaving so selfishly and start using your head before you go rushing into things. You have got to learn that you are not the only one affected by your choices. What about your sister? You are the only family she has left. You mean everything to her. Did you even once think about how heartbroken she would have been if you had died? Do you really want to make her suffer like that?"

Tears began to fall freely from Dagur's eyes. Not so much from the pain of Vorg's heavy hand but from the thought of his beloved sister. The only one since their mother who loved him unconditionally. She had been his anchor through the hardest times of his life. She was the

only person who truly understood everything he had been through. There were times when Dagur thought about just running away. It was his love for his sister and the need to protect her that gave him the strength and courage to stay. He would do anything just to make sure she was happy and safe. The thought of her being left all alone was unbearable.

"And don't forget about your duty to your tribe. You are the hope and future of the Berserkers. They look to you for leadership." Vorg said, "You may be the chief but that doesn't mean you get to run wild and do whatever you want. Every decision you make, every action needs to be in the best interest of your people. That means you have to put their needs above your own and take full responsibility whenever you make a mistake without blaming others. I know it's hard but if you want respect then that is how you earn it. You might even earn Hiccup's respect back one day. Do you understand?"

"Y...yes," Dagur whimpered.

"I care about you very much Dagur. I always have and always will and that will never change. Even when you throw me overboard or insult me. I hope that you never give me a reason to do this again but just know that I will not hesitate if it is needed. There is no doubt that you are a good warrior but even the mightiest of warriors can be defeated. The Valkyrie can take any one of us at any time. Now I know in my heart that you have everything it takes to be a great chief. Maybe even one of the greatest in the history of our tribe. You don't have to conquer the archipelago or kill a Nightfury to prove it. Your mother had many hopes for your future. I have those same hopes and I am ready to do whatever it takes to make sure that future happens. If that means that I have to occasionally discipline you then so be it. I want you to think about all of this the next time you consider doing something crazy. I have lost too many people that I've loved throughout my life. I'm NOT going to lose you too."

Unable to hold it in anymore, Dagur's body went limp and his shoulders began to heave with silent sobs. It was as if all the emotion and feelings that he kept hidden away for so long came pouring out. He had no idea that Vorg still thought that much of him.

Confident that Dagur had had enough, Vorg gave him five of the hardest swats before stopping. He wanted to make sure that Dagur wouldn't forget this lesson any time soon. Vorg then let Dagur lay over his lap as he rubbed his back to soothe him. "There, there Dagur. It's all over now. Shhhh, everything's gonna be okay my Little Chief."

Dagur's sobs began to fade a bit when he heard the nickname that Vorg had given him when he was just a small child. It had been forever since the older man had last called him that but it's soothing effect was still there.

As soon as he felt calm enough, Dagur pushed himself to his feet. He sighed with relief as he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. His punishment wasn't anywhere near as bad as he expected it to be. Sure it had hurt but it was nothing at all like the whippings he had gotten from Oswald. Vorg had stayed true to his word.

Dagur shyly glanced at Vorg, expecting to see coldness and

disappointment in the man's eyes. Instead he saw a warm smile. A fatherly smile. Vorg stood up and held his arms out to Dagur, inviting him in for comfort. Dagur looked up at Vorg with wide eyes, clearly not used to such a gesture. Oswald never offered him any comfort after "disciplining" him. Right now the only thing Dagur wanted was to experience that comfort and affection that Oswald had denied him. Slowly he took a step forward and let Vorg pull him into a tight embrace. Dagur sighed contently as his whole body relaxed. It had been a long time since he had felt this loved and secure. It felt so good. It was like any power that his father still had over him was gone. Nothing could hurt him as long as Vorg was holding him. He rested his head against Vorg's shoulder as he returned the hug. Dagur now found himself regretting the cruel way he had treated Vorg when all the man had ever done was care about him.

"I didn't think you had it in you Vorg." Dagur said.

"Well I guess you wont underestimate me anymore then." Vorg said, "Now tell me you're done with this whole revenge thing."

"Hmm, I'll have to think about that after I get my Nightfury skull helmet," Dagur said with a mischievous gleam in his eyes.

"DAGUR." Vorg warned as he lightly cuffed the side of his chief's helmet.

"Aw come on. I was just kidding. Don't take everything so seriously." Dagur said defensively, "You have my word that I'll leave Hiccup and his dragon alone from now on."

"I hope so," Vorg said. His lips curved into a smirk. "for your rear end's sake."

"Ha ha, you really bring the funny Vorg," Dagur said sarcastically, blushing slightly at the veiled threat of another spanking.

Dagur could already tell that Vorg wasn't going to let him get away with too much anymore. That really didn't bother him though because it meant that Vorg was looking out for him.

Dagur looked up at the captain and spoke in a soft voice. "I...uh...I'm sorry for everything...I really am Vorg."

Vorg beamed proudly at the boy. Dagur the Deranged was actually apologizing. A sincere apology at that. There was hope for Dagur. He still had a lot of learning and growing ahead but Vorg promised that he would always be by his side, guiding him on that journey. He would give Dagur all the love and encouragement that he needed. He would try to be the father that Oswald never was. The father that Dagur truly deserved. There was nothing that Vorg wouldn't do for him.

"That's my boy." Vorg said fondly.

Dagur felt his heart swell with joy at those words. Vorg had just referred to him as his boy. Dagur smiled tearfully as he clung tighter to Vorg.

Vorg slowly pulled away after several minutes, earning a small groan of protest from Dagur. As much as Vorg wanted to stay with Dagur he

knew he needed to get back to his crew. He didn't want to leave them alone for too long. Soon they would start growing restless and a brawl would break out among them. Bored Berserkers were never a good thing. "I better get back up there before those mutton-heads sink us. You coming?"

"Nah, think I'll stay down here awhile." Dagur said. He wasn't quite ready to face the others right now. He gave Vorg a commanding look. "Everything I just told you about my father stays between us. GOT IT?"

"Don't you worry lad. I wont say a word. Now I think it's way past time you got some rest. You look like you haven't slept in weeks. I want you to lay down and relax for a while. I'll be back soon." Vorg said as he gave the teen a pat on the back. Just as he was about to leave, he turned back to Dagur. "Oh, just one more thing before I forget."

"And that would be?" Dagur asked.

"Do not throw me overboard again." Vorg said trying to sound serious yet finding it very hard not to grin, " the water gets very cold around here young man."

Dagur just laughed that deranged laugh of his as he remembered that day. "What's the matter Vorg? Don't tell me you're afraid of a little water? And I thought you said you were an excellent swimmer."

"Just go to bed you little smart-mouth." Vorg said playfully before going back up to the deck. Dagur chuckled lightly as he listened to Vorg shouting orders at the crew who were most likely slacking off in their duties by now.

Dagur noticed that it was starting to get dark. The glow of lanterns could be seen through the cracks in the floorboards above him. Yawning, he realized just how exhausted he was. He couldn't remember the last time he had actually slept. After taking off his helmet and undoing his braid, Dagur lay down on his bed roll. Ignoring the now fading sting of his tender backside, he let the gentle rocking of the ship and sound of the waves lull him into a deep sleep. A small smile found it's way to his lips as he remembered Vorg's loving words.

_ 'I care about you very much Dagur. I always have and always will.' _

For the first time in a long time Dagur slept peacefully knowing that he was loved.

* * *

><p>THE END

A/N: I tried not to make Dagur sound too OOC. I like to think that Vorg has a fatherly love for Dagur just like Gobber has for Hiccup.

Please review and let me know what you think.

End

file.